

WEEKLY

VOLUME III.

VISITOR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1805.

[Whole No. 133]

FROM THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

RICHARD MACWILL.

A MORAL TALE.

Translated from an admired Italian Author, by a correspondent.

RICHARD Macwill was the son of a rich merchant of Dublin. He united to the graces of his person and the talents of his mind, a tender and compassionate heart. This gave a greater value to the other endowments with which he was favored by nature.

The concerns of commerce led him to Algiers, where he one day perceived a vessel arrive, in which were two young females, weeping bitterly. Extremely affected by a sight like this, he approached the ship, and earnestly enquired the reason of their sorrow. He was told that they were two young slaves, lately taken, and now brought there to be sold. Moved by the soft feelings of compassion, he instantly offered to purchase them; and, having paid whatever the covetous pirates demanded, he began to comfort them in the most courteous manner; accompanied them on board his own ship, assured each of them that they were free, and that he was ready to supply them with whatever they might have occasion for.

At generosity so unexpected, the two ladies, overcome with astonishment and joy, fell at his feet; and the groans of distress gave place to the most lively accents of gratitude and exultation.

Both were marked by a genteel appearance and noble mien, and one of them was exceedingly beautiful. Richard was struck with her. The sentiments of complacency, which a tender interest for a relieved object of distress ever inspires in the breast of a benevolent man; the feelings of gratitude he had discovered in this female; above all, the merit he had perceived she possessed, her discernment, her genius, her prudence, her vivacity, the softness of her character, the polish of her manners, and, finally, the evident signs of a noble and wise education, so affected him, that he soon felt the most ardent attachment to her. The female of his heart, already united to him by the gentle ties of tender gratitude, perceiving that his affectionate solicitude for her increased daily; that to a beauty of person by no means common, he joined the far superior advantages of a cultivated mind and a well-formed heart, was not able to avoid feeling for him a passion equally strong.

Richard often intreated her, in the tenderest manner, to make known to him her name, her family, and her country. She contented herself with informing him, that her name was *Constanza*, and that her companion was called

Isabella, but she begged to be permitted to conceal the rest. It was enough, (said she) that the heavens have not made my birth unworthy of the kind attentions you have shown me, and that one day may be amply recompensed.

Arrived at Dublin, Richard introduced the two ladies to his father, informed him in what manner he had acquired them, and was not able to conceal the fond sentiments with which *Constanza* had inspired him. The good father commended the generous action of his son in rescuing them from slavery, but he approved not of the connection he wished to form with this stranger, a connection which, at first view, appeared little suitable.

He therefore opposed it for some time, until, overcome by the noble manners and amiable temper he discovered in her, he found himself no longer able to withstand the fervent desires and repeated intreaties of his son.

Richard had already given the strongest proofs of a love, which as yet he did not state to his father, and *Constanza* felt a similar passion for him; when, therefore, she heard him express his attachment in the most ingenuous manner, and at the same time make her the offer of his hand, she felt a lively pleasure, but she remained in a state of doubt and struggle for some time. At length love overcame her. Richard saw

his most ardent wishes crowned with success, and before the end of a year, a most beautiful and engaging boy was the fruit of their happy union.

Two years glided away in all the charms of domestic peace, and the purest love, when Richard was compelled on account of his affairs, to undertake a new and longer voyage. At his separation from his loved Constanza, his tears flowed in abundance. Nor could he reconcile himself to it, without taking with him her portrait, which he had set in a ring.

After various travels in different places, he at length arrived at Palermo. Here, as he was one day contemplating her lovely image with the most fixed attention, from which he was unable to raise his longing eyes, it happened that a gentleman of the court, who stood near him, recollected the picture, and immediately went and informed the king of what he had seen. The king instantly ordered Richard to come before him, and artfully turning the conversation upon a variety of indifferent subjects, observed, the ring in the most attentive manner. At the first instant, he felt the greatest perturbation; then concealing the state of his heart he calmly asked Richard what person that portrait represented? It is the picture of my wife, answered Richard.—Of thy wife! And where does she reside at present?—At Dublin, with my father.—What is her name?—Constanza.—Is she a native of Dublin, or a stranger?—She is a stranger, Sire, but of what country I do not know.

Saying this, he informed him how he had delivered her from the hands of pirates; that he had conducted her with him to Dublin; and made her his spouse.

The king having heard every thing attentively without replying, gave orders that he should be instantly arrested. He commanded also that a vessel should be immediately got ready; and sent to Dublin, in order to conduct before him Constanza, her son, and Isabella.

Who can sufficiently express the dejection and consternation of the miserable husband, when he saw the danger into which the imprudence of his conversation had plunged him? What the fear, what the horror of the unhappy

Constanza, when she perceived herself seized by the order of the king her father? What the desolation of the wretched old man, who saw himself deprived at once of his daughter-in-law, his grandson, and his own son?

Constanza being arrived at Palermo and brought before the king, was ready at first to sink with terror; then taking courage, she prostrated herself before him: Sire, said she, I must appear guilty to you in a thousand respects, and with deep submission I wait for the effects of your displeasure; but this tender son, but his unfortunate father are innocent, and I pray only that they may be spared. Yet if you would but permit your anger to give place for a moment to your accustomed pity, you would perhaps find me less guilty than I at present appear.

On that fatal day that took me from you, I was diverting myself with Isabella in that part of the royal gardens which looks toward the sea. A number of men, who were in ambush came suddenly to us and carried us away. Terror, grief, and despair made us cry out with the greatest vehemence—all was useless. The duke of Bari, author of the base deed, ordered us to be carried to a vessel he had placed at no great distance, and the sails to be set. I confess at your feet, Sire, that my heart knew not at first sufficiently how to defend itself; but I solemnly declare before you, that, very far from yielding to a flight so guilty, from that moment I regarded him as the most detestable man upon the earth. When we were got out to sea, we were attacked by a pirate vessel. The combat was long and obstinate. The duke fought with fury, but at last he atoned by his death for the crime he had committed. We were made slaves, and conducted to Algiers to be sold. A young man, entirely a stranger, appeared there as if sent from heaven for our deliverance. He, moved with a generous compassion, offered a great sum for our freedom, and obtained it. Having restored us to liberty, there was not an attention that he did not show us. He often enquired the name of our country, promising to accompany us thither. But, fearful that you would too readily suspect that I was an accomplice of the flight, and dreading the effects of your resentment, I had not courage to make myself known. He conducted me to his father, and after

having shown me, for a long time, the most respectful attention, although I was a stranger to him, though unknown, although determined to conceal my family, he generously offered me his hand. I have offended you, O Sire! perhaps I do not deserve to be regarded by you as a daughter; but, abandoned as I believed myself, by all the world; agitated by an invincible dread of your displeasure; despairing of ever seeing you again; overcome by a sentiment of affectionate gratitude; overcome, I will again say, by a sentiment more soft, which his captivating manners had inspired: I yielded and accepted his hand in marriage. Punish, O Sire! punish your daughter if she has merited your displeasure. I will not complain; but the generous benefactor to whom I am indebted for liberty and life—but this lovely innocent child—Alas! you cannot be willing that they should suffer for crimes that are all my own!

At language like this, which was rendered more powerful, more energetic by the expressions of her eyes, her countenance, and her voice, the king who had discovered himself offended and severe at the beginning, gradually grew calm, and at length melted into compassion. The humble and submissive attitude of Constanza; her sobbing and tears; the weeping of the infant, which gave greater force to that of the mother, made upon his heart a powerful impression. He affectionately extended his hand to his daughter, who was prostrate at his feet, and raising her from the ground—Thou hast offended me, said he, in forming so unequal a connection without my consent; but thou hast offended me much more in doubting of my clemency, if thy flight was innocent: But since I perceive that the only injuries thou hast done me, are the effects of weakness and not of vice, I acknowledge myself again thy father, and pardon thee.

Saying this, he affectionately embraced her, and gave orders that Richard should be brought before him. At this command, Constanza shed a torrent of tears; tears at once of tenderness, of joy, and of gratitude; but the king was much more moved when he saw them accompanying his own.

Richard, in the mean time, who had been so long in a state of painful suspense and uncertainty about his fate,

agitated by a thousand terrors at this new order, approached pale and trembling.

When he saw Constanza, a sudden chill passed through his whole frame: But to this a much greater ardor and transport soon succeeded. Without regarding those who were standing around him, and forgetful of every thing beside, he on a sudden sprang into her arms, and embracing her and his son alternately, he stood clasping both for a considerable time without being able to utter a word. At length, springing from them and falling at the feet of the king, I accept, said he, I accept, O Sire! henceforth, with perfect submission, whatever may be your determination. Since I have been permitted to see again the two dear objects, upon which terminate all my wishes, I desire only one thing more. I intreat only that they—that my father—

No, my son, interrupted the king, No, be not troubled. Fear not. From thy story, and that of my daughter (calling Constanza to him), I know thy innocence, and admire thy generous mind. *God has determined to recompense thee for it, and I adore his counsels.* Live each of you happy, and may your children be the comfort of my old age.

Here they again wept, and tenderly embraced each other. The king immediately dispatched a ship to Dublin, inviting the father of Richard to come to his court. The old man instantly accepted the invitation with transports of joy. Blessed of heaven, all enjoyed together the most blissful and happy days; and Richard now had the pleasure of being able more largely to exercise that *benevolence, which had been the foundation of his elevation and his fortune.*

From an English publication.

ACCOUNT OF MARY-ANNE TALBOT,

Otherwise JOHN TAYLOR.

ACCORDING to an account of this eccentric female, recently published by herself, she is the youngest of sixteen *natural* children, whom her mo-

ther, who died in childbirth of twins, had by the late lord William Talbot, baron of Hensol, steward of his majesty's household, and colonel of the Glamorganshire Militia, with whom she kept a secret correspondence for several years. Of her mother's family nothing is known. She was born in London, on the 2d of February, 1778, in the house now in part occupied by Mr. Goslings the banker, in Lincoln's-Inn Field. For the first five years of her life she remained at nurse in a village near Shrewsbury, and the succeeding nine were passed at a boarding-school in Chester, under the protection of an elder and only surviving sister. Her sister dying, a gentleman residing at Newport took upon himself the authority of guardian, removed her from school, and placed her in his own family, where however, she remained but a short time before she was introduced to an officer in an infantry regiment, to whom her *soi-disant* guardian most infamously consigned her. This officer brought her with him to London, where having accomplished his designs on her person, he compelled her to assume male attire, and to accompany him in the menial capacity of foot-boy to the West Indies. In this new scene our heroine underwent the fatigue and distress attendant on a very bad passage and experienced the most unfeeling treatment from her protector. Her stay, however, in the West-Indies was of short continuance, for her master's regiment was ordered to the Continent, whither she also was compelled to proceed, under the threat of being sent up the country as a slave, in the capacity of a drummer. Towards the end of the siege of Valenciennes she received two wounds, the first from a musket ball, which glanced between her breast and collar bone, and struck her rib; the other on the small of her back, from an accidental stroke of an Austrian trooper's broad-sword. From the dread of her sex being discovered she carefully concealed her wounds, the cure of which she at length effected by the assistance of a little yellow basilicon, lint, and Dutch drops. In the attack upon the town, her tyrant was killed, and, having formed the resolution of deserting, she threw off her drummer's dress, assumed that of a sailor boy, which she had reserved, quitted the regiment, and at length reached Luxembourg, where she engaged with the commander of a French lugger, on board of which she embarked in Sept.

1793. Mary-Anne thought this vessel had been a trader, but soon found that her views were of a hostile nature. The Frenchman cruised about for a considerable time, but without success, till he at last fell in with the British fleet, under the command of Admiral lord Howe, then in the channel. Mary-Anne, though severely beaten by the French captain, obstinately persisted in refusing to fight against her countrymen. A slight resistance was made by the lugger, but she soon yielded and Le Sage (the captain) and his crew were carried on board the *Queen Charlotte*, Lt. Howe.

Being questioned by his lordship on the cause of serving on board an enemy's ship, she briefly told him, that being without friends in England, she had accompanied a gentleman to the Continent in the capacity of a foot-boy, on whose death she had in the greatest distress reached Luxembourg, in hopes of finding a passage to her native country; but finding that impossible, it being at that time in possession of the French, she was constrained to enter into Le Sage's vessel, having experienced, during the short stay she had made in the town, no attention to her distress, chiefly, as she imagined, from being English; that her determination, from the moment she engaged with captain Le Sage, was to desert on the first opportunity that offered to forward her passage to England; but had she known that the intention of Le Sage was to act in an offensive manner against her countrymen, she assured his lordship she would rather have perished than have been induced to set her foot on board his vessel, having previous to sailing taken him to be commander of a merchantman, and as such engaged with him. Fortunately for Mary-Anne, his lordship's enquiries were not too minute; she obtained a favorable dismissal, and was afterwards stationed on board the *Brunswick*, captain Harvey. She had not been long on board the *Brunswick*, when, captain Harvey, observing her cleanliness and manners to be different from those of many lads on board, questioned her as to her friends, and whether she had not run away from some school to try the sea? Mary-Anne related such of her adventures as were consistent with the concealment of her sex, after which capt. Harvey promoted her to his principal cabin-boy, in which capacity she continued to serve him un-

til the enemy's fleet came in sight. In the spirited action to which the gallant capt. Harvey owed his death, just before the coming up of the *Ramilles*, Mary-Anne received a severe wound above the ankle of her left leg, by a grape-shot that struck in the aftermost brace of the gun, rebounded on the deck, and lodged in her leg; notwithstanding which she attempted to rise several times, but without effect; and, on the last effort part of the bone projected through the skin in such a manner as wholly to prevent her standing, had she been able to rise. To complete her misfortune, she received another wound by a musquet-ball, which went completely through her thigh, a little above the knee of the same leg. She lay in this crippled state till the engagement was over, when she was conveyed to the cockpit, but though subjected to the most excruciating pain the grape-shot could not be extracted, through fear of injuring the tendons among which it lay. On the arrival of the *Brunswick* at Spithead, Mary-Anne was conveyed to Haslar hospital, from which, after four month's attendance as an out-patient, she experienced a partial cure, and was discharged.

After her discharge from the hospital, she entered on board the *Veuvius* bomb, Captain Tomlinson, then belonging to the squadron under the command of Sir Sidney Smith. Having sailed to the Mediterranean and back, the *Veuvius* was boarded by two French privateers off the French coast.—Mary Anne, as a prisoner, was conveyed to Dunkirk, and lodged in the prison of St. Clair, where she endured a long illness, and much severity of treatment. An exchange of prisoners at length took place, and Mary Anne, accidentally meeting with an American Captain, engaged with him and sailed to America, as ship's steward. From this Gentleman, our female sailor experienced the most friendly treatment. She resided with his family at New-York during the stay of the ship, and was subjected to much embarrassment on account of an attachment conceived for her by the Captain's Neice, who actually proposed marriage, and obtained a miniature of her beloved, in the full uniform of an American officer, for which she, Mary-Anne, paid eighteen dollars.

Some time after her return to England, Mary-Anne was assailed by a press-gang, wounded in the head by a cutlass,

and conveyed on board the tender, where she remained for several days, & only obtained her liberty by the disclosure of her sex. After this event she sent for her friend, the American captain, to whom she also imparted her secret. He was anxious for her to continue her disguise, return with him to America; but this she declined.

Mary-Anne made numerous applications to the Navy Pay-Office, Somerset-house, for money due to her for service on board the *Brunswick* and the *Veuvius*, but having been repeatedly disappointed, her language was, one day somewhat indecorous, in consequence of which she was conveyed to Bow-street, where she underwent a long examination. She was at length dismissed, and several gentlemen, commiserating her sufferings, entered into a subscription, from which she obtained considerable relief, since that period; however, she received her money from the Navy-Office, as John Taylor, (the name which her military protector compelled her to assume, and by which she was entered on the book.) In February 1797, the grape-shot which had been lodged in her leg, worked itself out. She has been in different hospitals, and under the care of several medical men, who have not yet made a perfect cure. She enjoys a pension from his majesty of 20l. a year, but is at present in very indignant circumstances. She may be admired for her intrepidity—but the reflecting mind will rather commiserate her misfortunes than admire her character.

ARTIFICIAL COURTESY.

THIS is that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments, the most frivolous may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful as a snare; too often effected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds.

The imitation of virtue has been reduced into art, and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech and adopt the manners of candor, gentleness and humanity; but nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render

even external manners truly and permanently pleasing; for no assumed behavior can at all times hide the real character.

A low voice and a soft address are the common indications of a well-bred woman, and should seem to be the natural effect of a meek and quiet spirit, but they are only the outward and visible signs of it; for they are no more meekness itself, than a red coat is courage, or a black one devotion. To regulate the features, while the soul is in tumult, or to command the voice while the passions are without restraint, is as idle as throwing odors into a stream when the source is polluted.

It is not difficult to distinguish the true from the artificial meekness. The former is universal and habitual; the latter local and temporary; and this we may be assured of, that if we are not as gentle to our servants, as to our visitors, the spirit of gentleness is not in us.

Must we not be shocked and disappointed when we behold a well-bred young lady, soft and engaging as the doves of Venus, displaying a thousand graces and attractions to win the hearts of a large company, and the instant they are gone, to see her look mad as the Pythian maid, and all the frightened graces driven from her furious countenance, only because her gown was brought home a quarter of an hour later than she expected, or her ribbon sent half a shade lighter or darker than she ordered.

Amongst women of breeding, the exterior of gentleness is so uniformly assumed, and the whole manner is so perfectly level and uni, that it is next to impossible for a stranger to know any thing of their true dispositions by conversing with them; and even the very features are so exactly regulated that physiognomy, which may sometimes be trusted among the vulgar, is with the polite a most lying science. That gentleness is ever liable to be suspected for the counterfeited, which is so excessive as to deprive people of the proper use of speech and motion, or which, as Hamlet says, "makes them lisp and amble, and nick-name God's creatures."

Among the various artifices of factitious meekness, one of the most frequent and the most plausible, is that of affecting to be always equally delighted with all persons and characters. The society of these languid beings is without confidence, their friendship without attachment, and their love without affection, or even preference. This insipid mode of conduct may be safe, but is endowed with neither taste, sense, nor principle.

A SKETCH OF THE THING CALLED A BACHELOR.

HE is a sort of whimsical being which nature never intended to create: he was formed out of the odds and ends of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the finer passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment: what remains for the bachelor is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown: to avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients; so in dame Nature tosses self-love, without measure—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use—a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained; and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities.

Thus formed—thus finished—a bachelor is popped into the world—mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others. His only business is to keep himself quiet; he gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up. No tender impressions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable dreams disturb his slumbers.

If ever he speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favorite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellars abound: on such subjects he feels the rapture of a lover. The pace of a bachelor is sluggish; he would hardly mend it to go out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge: But, show him a woman who is entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on as if he was walking for a wager!

His house-keeper or his laundress he can talk to without reserve; but any other of the sex, whose condition is above an useful dependent, is his terror. A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against bright eyes and dazzling complexions: here he lounges out half his day: at home, he sits down to his unsocial meal, and when his palate is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify. Such is a bachelor!—such the life of a bachelor! What becomes of him after death, I am not casuist enough to determine.

SCOTCH ECONOMY.

A HIGHLANDER who sold brooms went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. Tip-pence, said the Highlander. No, no, said the barber; I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again. The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay?—A penny, says Strap. I'll gie ye a baubee, says Duncan, and if that dinna satisfy ye put on my beard again.

A SCHOLAR, a bald man, and a barber travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waking him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, You wretch of a barber you have waked the bald man instead of me!

THE ORIGINAL OF PEEPING TOM

Of Coventry.

LEOFERIC Earl of Mercia, in the year 1040, rebuilt and endowed a convent that had come to decay by age; he seems to have been the first lord of this city, and his lady Godiva it's greatest benefactress. For there is a tradition firmly believed in the city of Coventry, that her husband having been offended with the citizens, laid heavy taxes upon them, which the devout lady

Godiva, who was the daughter of Thord, a sheriff of Lincolnshire, earnestly importuned him to remit; but could not prevail.

At last the earl, being overcome with her continual intercessions, granted her desire, but upon such conditions as he thought she would never consent to perform, which was that she should ride stark-naked through Coventry, from one end to the other, at noon-day.

Though this was very hard for a modest lady, yet she thankfully accepted of his grant; and having given orders for all the doors and windows to be shut and every body to confine themselves to the back part of their houses, on pain of death, she was mounted on her palfry, by her woman, quite naked, with her hair loose about her, which covered all her body, but her legs, and in this manner rode through the whole city.

However, it is reported, that an ancient bed-ridden taylor (who could not be removed from his chamber, and of whose ill-timed curiosity no one could have any suspicion) had strength enough to crawl to his window, to have a view of the beauties of the lady; but was struck blind before she passed by; and, in memory of his presumption, the figure of an old man, though in a modern dress, as it is furnished up annually, is fixt at an upper window of a house, on the supposed spot of ground where the original one stood, which goes by the name of Peeping-Tom; and the corporation and principal inhabitants have an annual procession, about Whitsuntide, in commemoration of this their great patroness, with the figure of a naked woman (though she is now covered with flesh-colored silk, and the hair dressed up with ribbands and flowers) on horse-back.

I must here make this remark, that about sixty years ago the corporation were puzzled to find a woman to ride this perambulation, though they allowed five guineas for the performance; but now have upwards of fifty petitioners for it annually, at about 10s. and 6d. for the day's duty.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 20, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city Inspector reports the deaths of 46 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 17—convulsions 1—decay 3—diarrhoeal—dropsy 1—dropsy in the head 1—flux 1—hives 3—inflammation of the stomach 1—inflammation of the bowels 2—drowned 1—mortification of the bowels 1—old age 1—palsy 1—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 4—small pox 2—ulcerous sore throat 1—sudden death 1—typhus 1—and 1 of worm fever.

Of whom 13 were men—12 women 15 boys—and 6 girls.

Of the whole number 7 were of and under the age of 1 year—4 between 1 and 2—5 between 2 and 5—4 between 5 and 10—5 between 10 and 20—6 between 20 and 30—5 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—4 between 50 and 60—and 3 between 70 and 80.

The drowned person in the above list was one of the apprentices of Mr. Hugh M'Intyre, who were lost on the 23d day of January, in an attempt to cross the north river on the ice. His body was not found until a few days ago; those of his fellow-sufferers have not yet been discovered.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS,

For the city of New-York,

April 9th, 1805.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE vs.
BAKER.*

This was an indictment against the defendant for an assault and battery committed by him upon a Mrs. Hatfield who was the only witness adduced in behalf of the prosecution.

From her testimony it appeared that her husband kept a smoke house, for the purpose of smoking meat—that the defendant who was unknown to her called at her house on a certain morning, in the absence of her husband, for whom the defendant enquired—upon being informed by Mrs. Hatfield of the absence of her husband, and of the probability of his being at home about twelve o'clock, the defendant left the house without taking a seat or being desired so do, and also without any other conversation passing between them.

That the defendant called again between twelve and one, at which time Mr. H. was not at home, (but had been home in the course of the forenoon and was informed by Mrs. H. of the enquiry which had been by the defendant, and answered that from the description given of the man, it must have been a Mr. Baker who had a couple of hams smoking.) That the defendant again asked for Mr. H. and upon being informed of his absence, the defendant said, that he had left two hams there to be smoked, which he wished to have if they were sufficiently cured. The witness told him that she did not know him from any others that might be there and then went with the defendant to the smoke-house (but without a candle) for the purpose of seeing the hams, that the house was so full of smoke they did not go in; the witness then desired the defendant to call in the evening when her husband would be at home: upon which he immediately departed without any other words passing between them. That her husband came home soon after Baker left the house, and upon being told by the witness that Baker had been there again Mr. H. brought the hams from the smoke house, and put them into a panty that Mr. Baker might see them should he again call in the absence of Mr. H. Mrs. H. then stated that the defendant called a third time, in the evening, that her husband was absent. That Mr. B. saw the hams and thought they were not sufficiently cured, and concluded to leave them. That he lounged about the room in which witness sat at work, for a few minutes, and was then desired to sit down which he utterly declined, and sauntered about the room a few minutes more, and then observed to Mrs. H. the witness, that he had called three times that day, for which he must have three kisses, and instantly before the witness had

time to recover from the astonishment excited by the indelicacy of the expression, threw one of his hands (and arm) round her neck, and thrust the other into her bosom; that in the struggle which ensued he threw her partly against a bed that stood in the room, which tore or broke down part of the curtains belonging to the bed; that she soon released herself from his rude grasp, and told him that he was an impudent fellow, or an impertinent scoundrel; to which he replied, you are angry, and she answered in the affirmative.

She then asked him if he was not the same Baker who had taken some girls out a sleighing last winter, and treated them so rudely, or words to that effect, to which he made little or no reply, but requested the witness twice or thrice not to mention what had taken place, to her husband; that the witness then very peremptorily ordered him to leave the house, which he had the politeness to do; that after the departure of the defendant the witness went up stairs into a room occupied by another family, of whom she enquired or asked some questions respecting the defendant. Upon her cross examination, in answer to a question put by the the defendant's counsel, she said that she made no outcry at the time the defendant seized her, that she could not (owing to her indignation at the insolence and rudeness of the defendant) before she had effected her release, she also answered that she did not inform the family up stairs of the treatment which she had received from the defendant as she thought it would be improper, and that her husband ought to be the first who knew it, that she informed her husband of the circumstances immediately after he came home in the evening.

The Counsel for the defendant made a few observations to the jury, which appeared to have been suggested by a momentary impulse of juvenile ardor and tenderness, calculated to please the ear of idle curiosity, and excuse or rather justify lascivious and wanton trespasses upon domestic tranquility, by those who have the hardihood to violate the laws of honor and hospitality, and bid defiance to the rod, the laws of civil society and the corrodings of a christian and humanized conscience: In fine, the argument of the defendant's counsel was characteristic of the orator, who may boast its origin.

After a very pertinent and eloquent address from the District Attorney, and a pointed charge from the court, the jury, without leaving the bar, found a verdict of "Guilty."

From this statement of the evidence (for the correctness of which the district attorney is appealed to,) it appears that there was no candle lighted the second time that the defendant called; that the defendant was not desired to sit down after he had offered the insult, and that no offer was made to the defendant by Mr. H. to accept of a sum of money in satisfaction, as stated in the report above alluded to.

Haydn—The last letters from Vienna, says a late London paper, have brought to life the celebrated musician Haydn, for whom the French, with their usual politeness, had performed a funeral service some time since. Haydn is as well and hearty as a man of 75 can be expected to be.

MARRIED,

At Paris, Count Rumford to the widow of M. Vaneasy, by which nuptial experiment he obtains a fortune of £3000 per annum.—This is evidently the most effective of all the Rumfordizing projects for keeping a house warm.

On Monday evening, the Rev. Mr. Lyell, rector of Christ Church, to Miss Ann C. Beach, daughter of the Rev. Doctor Beach, of this city.

At St. Winnow's Church, Cornwall, (Eng.) Mr. E. Mathews, aged 72, to Miss Mary Bright, aged 86. The courtship between this tender pair had been of about 24 years continuance. Being of opposite religious tenets, they could not agree as to what persuasion their children should be brought up! But at last almighty Love tript up the heels of Religion in the lady's heart, and her qualms of conscience are now perfectly reconciled.

On Sunday Evening the 7th inst. Mr. Thomas Earle to the amiable Miss Matilda Harrison, both of this City.

Hastily the man, who, when his stars incline

His soul to love, can make a choice like thine.

On Sunday evening the 7th inst. at Pomfret (N. J.) Mr. Andrew C. Zabriskie, Merchant, of Paramus, (N. J.) to Miss Mary Ryerson, daughter of Martin Ryerson, esq. of the former place.

DIED,

At Philadelphia, Mr. William Spotswood, Printer and bookseller, aged 52

At Greenock, Dr. Robinson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university, of Edinburgh, and one of the most profound mathematicians of the age—better known in this country as the author of *Proofs of a Conspiracy*,"

THEATRE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. JOHNSON.

ON MONDAY EVENING, April 22,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
A CELEBRATED COMEDY, in 5 acts
called,

The School for Scandal.

Sir Peter Teazle,	Mr. Johnson.
Sir Oliver Surface,	— Tyler.
Joseph Surface,	— Bailey.
Charles Surface,	— Harper.
Sir Benjamin Backbite,	— Hallam jr.
Crabtree,	— Harwood.
Careless,	— Darley.
Trip,	— Turnbull.
Rowley,	— Shapter.
Moses,	— Hogg.
Snake,	— Robinson.
Lady Teazle,	Mrs. Johnson.
Lady Sneerwell,	— Harper.
Mrs. Candour,	— Hogg.
Maria,	— Darley.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
An OPERA, in two ACTS, called,
PAUL and VIRGINIA

Scales, Weights, & Measures.
ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
No. 250 Water-street.

Four doors West of Peek Slip;
Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Informa his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incuring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite easance and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months; and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this let exp blic.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 103 Water-Street, M^r. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowry Lane.



THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

A TALE

Imitated from the German, according to the true and genuine principles of the horrific.

THE wind whistled loud! Farmer Dobbin's wheat-stack
Fell down! The rain beat 'gainst his door!
As he sat by the fire, he heard the roof crack!
The cat 'gan to mew and to put up her back!
And the candle burnt just as before!

The Farmer exclaim'd, with a piteous sigh,
"To get rid of this curs'd noise and rout
" Wife, give us some ale." His dame straight did cry,
Hemm'd and cough'd three times three, then made
this reply—
" I can't mun! " Why? " " Cause the cask's out!"

By the side of the fire sat Roger Gee-he,
Who had finish'd his daily vocation,
With Cicely, whose eyes were as black as a shoe,
A damsel indeed who had never said No,
And, because, she ne'er had an occasion!

All these were alarm'd by loud piercing cries,
And were thrown in a terrible state;
Till opening the door, with wide staring eyes,
They found to their joys, no less than surprise,
" 'Twas the old Sow stuck fast in the gate!"

THE

NEW FRIEND AND PITCHER.

I'LL be content, and ne'er complain,
Though I should never be much richer,
While I'm enabled to obtain,
To ease my care, a Friend and Pitcher.
Possess'd of these, I'll raptur'd taste
The heartfelt joy, that flies the richer,
The vacant moments sweetly waste
In harmless mirth, with Friend and Pitcher.

The selfish crowd I'll heedless view,
Who think they're happy, when they're richer;
The fancied bliss let them pursue,
While I enjoy my Friend and Pitcher.
Possess'd, &c.

Dame Fortune still your grasp will flee,
The attempt is fruitless to bewitch her;
The chase give o'er—and rove with me
In search of mirth, a Friend and Pitcher.
Possess'd, &c.

Alike from poverty secure,
And from the cares, that vex the richer,
May bounteous fates to me ensure
A cheerful Friend, and temperate Pitcher.
Possess'd, &c.

A SOLILOQUY,

AFTER HEARING A DISCOURSE UPON

LOVE.

[BY MISS LEWIS.]

WELL, what this Love is, for my life I can't
guess,
Which causes such wailings, such sighs and distress,
I wish I could see him—but what do I mean?
They say, though he's felt he can never be seen;
And may I ne'er feel him, if he gives such smart,
So tortures, so teases, and wounds the poor heart:
His captives complain that he freezes, then burns,
And gives them strange pleasure and pains too
by turns;

'Tis surprising to hear of this wonderful nature,
To be sure, he must be a prodigious odd creature.

I've a strange inclination to know what it is—
Suppose I should try—what! and forfeit my peace?
Too dear for such knowledge I'm sure I should pay.
If ease from my bosom should fly quite away;
But I'm told that one day whether I will or no,
He'll pierce thro' my breast with his arrows of iron;
Why, what shall I do? I'll e'en lock up my heart,
And then bid defiance to him and his dart;
And when he's from my cottage I venture to roam,
For fear I should lose it, I'll leave it at home;
The key shall be reason, secure it will lie,
Now Love, all thy arrows I boldly defy.

TRUE AFRICAN WIT.

OLD Cato, on his death-bed lying,
Worn out with work, and almost dying—
With patience heard his friends propose
What bearer for him they had chose;
" There's Cuff and Cesar, Pomp and Plato,
Will they do?" " Rejoice well!"—quoth Cato;
" And Bantam Phillips—now for 'tother,
We must take Scipio, Bantam's brother."
" I no like Scipio," old Cato cries,
" Scipio rascal—tell about me lies,
And got me whipp'd."—" Kib! 'tis all one,
Scipio shall be bearer; Scipio or none."
" Mind me!" (cries Cato) if dat cur,
Dat Scipio come bearer, I want jist.

FOR THE VISITOR.

IMPROMPTU,

On meeting the beautiful Miss R—y, in
a morning walk on the Battery.

HOW can this riddle be display'd,
Two suns one morn, I saw apart,
The whole of one scarce warm'd my head,
One Ray of t'other burnt my heart.



N. B. SMITH,
Chemical/Perfumer from London,
at the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Rose, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,
redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whiten-
ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and
is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving-boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Rose, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 5s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice (Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 5s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of
the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English
Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal en-
couragement of his employers in the line of his bu-
siness, and assures them that he will to the utmost of
his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pu-
pils, with energy every part of instruction, which
may have a tendency to promote their present and fu-
ture usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs
his employers and the public in general, that he pro-
poses opening an evening School on the first evening of
October next. And conscious of his having reciprocal-
ly discharged his duty to those committed to his care,
in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict
decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of
further liberal encouragement in the line of his bu-
siness. He continues as usual to give lessons to La-
dies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particu-
larly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will
accomplish them in three months. Or can materially
improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

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